

CHARIVARIA.

THE Bishop of CARLISLE says he was never so startled in his life as by the sight of fashions in London recently. This reminds us that we remember how amused we were the first time we saw a bishop.

With reference to the arrest of Mrs. PANKHURST, which was carried out in such a manner that the general public, Mrs. PANKHURST's suffragette supporters and the Press representatives were all outwitted, it is felt in Fleet Street that the police were justified in hoodwinking the first two classes, but the besting of the Press representatives bordered on an infringement of etiquette.

"MR. LLOYD GEORGE AT HOLLOWAY."

said the poster. But of course they will let him out before long—like Mr. LARKIN.

Mr. KAINES SMITH, lecturing on "Beauty and Morality" at the Victoria and Albert Museum, described LEONARDO DA VINCI's "Monna Lisa" as "one of the most actively evil pictures ever painted—one with an atmosphere of indefinable evil." The lady, it will be remembered, ended up by becoming the associate of thieves.

Meanwhile, after Mr. SMITH's pronouncement, it will be interesting to see whether the thieves will now come forward and claim a reward for removing an evil influence that was a grave danger to Parisian morality.

It is good news that London is at last to have an efficient ambulance service, and that soon we shall not feel compelled to exercise such extreme caution in crossing the road.

"Feeder motor-bus routes" is an expression which appears in an advertisement of the L.G.O.C. We imagine our old friend the Chocolate 'Bus will be found on one of these routes.

Tango classes for Army officers started last week in the Soldiers' Club at Bordon Camp, Hampshire. While it is a pity that we allowed the German army to forestall us in aeronautics, it really begins to look as if we may gain the lead here.

After being in a state of coma for the best part of a year, *The Sleeping Beauty*

is to be revived at Drury Lane on Boxing-Day.

There would seem to be no limit to the enterprise of publishers. One of them has succeeded in persuading that recluse Colonel ROOSEVELT to talk about himself, and his autobiography is to appear next week.

A foolish lady recently enquired at a library whether *Richard Furlong* was a sequel to *Alice-for-Short*.

"Best regards to Sir William, the Duke, Mr. Beckford, and all our friends,



"I WANT TO SEE SOME MUDGUARDS."

"FOR WHAT MAKE OF CYCLE, SIR?"

"THEY'RE NOT FOR A CYCLE, THEY'RE FOR ME."

and damn all our enemies," is an extract from a letter written by LORD NELSON to Lady HAMILTON which was sold last week at SOTHEY'S. There is a rumour that the purchaser was Mr. LARKIN.

The hull of an early sixteenth century warship has been discovered at Woolwich, and our Radical economists are hoping that Mr. CHURCHILL may be able to adapt this to modern needs and reduce his estimates.

According to the *Dresdener Nachrichten*, a narcotic powder has been invented which will revolutionize warfare. Shells charged with this powder, when exploded among the enemy, will send them to sleep for several hours instead of killing them. It should, however, always be possible to send a rescue force with bagpipes.

ARTISTS AND AUDIENCES.

(How to mollify their mutual relations.)

[S] that concert artists may not be discouraged by the indifference of audiences, Chevalier Arrigo Bocchi has planned a new scheme of lighting at St. James Hall, Great Portland Street, which he has acquired for a syndicate of music lovers. Lights will be focussed on the stage, the auditorium being in a state of semi-darkness which will shut out the audience from the sight of the performer." *Daily Mail*.]

An excellent beginning. Some further humane efforts of a like character seem to have escaped our bright little contemporary.

So that concert-goers may not be discouraged by the hideous antics of long-haired piano-thumpers, Signor Vertigo Bashwood has planned an entirely novel scheme at the Tubal Hall, New Bond Street, by which at the commencement of the programme an extinguisher made of perforated zinc is let down from the roof of the stage, which, while permitting the free passage of sound, will entirely shut out both instrument and performer from the sight of the audience.

So that indifferent theatrical artists may no longer be discouraged on first nights by the hoots and cat-calls of the audience, Professor Sumerun Rheingold has planned a new scheme of acoustics at the St. George's Theatre, by which at the conclusion of each Act (or indeed whenever circumstances seem to demand) the audience can be rendered entirely inaudible from the stage. The invention is said to have the hearty approval of Mr. BERNARD

SHAW.

Much the same plan will be followed at the Adaptations Theatre, with one important difference, that here, on the approach of any line whose wealth of meaning is likely to discourage a family or episcopal audience, the stage manager is able by touching a lever instantly to sever the acoustic connection between the two sides of the footlights, which will only be restored when all possibility of danger is at an end.

An item of "Local News" in the *Teesdale Mercury*—

"The Queen of Spain, who, prior to her marriage, visited the Bowes Museum, and who has completely recovered from her indisposition, will leave Paris to-morrow for England to visit her mother, Princess Henry of Battenberg." But it might be wiser not to visit Bowes Museum again.

THOUGHTS ON THE NEAR FUTURE.

["We mean to see this thing through,"

Mr. Asquith at Leeds.

"We are bound to see the thing through,"

Sir Edward Grey at Bradford.]

We're not so young as once we were;
Amid our raven locks

Unlovely intervals occur;

We shrink from sudden shocks;

Our salad days, a vivid green—

Time has impaired their hue;

But we've a stubborn will, and mean

To see this business through.

Owing to life's exhausting stress,

Coupled with growth of girth,

We move more slowly, we are less

Resilient in our mirth;

But still our heart, as ever keen

At Duty's call, will do

What England still expects; we mean

To see this business through.

Others may shirk the higher claim,

Over the sea may go

To sport with Chance at Monte's game

Or ski about the snow;

For us, we ask no change of scene,

No skies of borrowed blue;

We stay at home because we mean

To see this business through.

The pledge we gave to pay our debt

(Hands clasped in solemn grip)

We shall redeem with teeth hard set

And stiffened upper lip;

Boy! you may trust your Uncle; he

Has sworn to face with you

Even a pantomime, and see

This Christmas business through.

O. S.

SHOULD AN AUTHOR TELL?

It was a memorable morning on which I found myself in the waiting-room of Mr. Silas K. Joshfeller's Variety Agency. Again and again I had assured myself that, if one parson could wake up the music-hall world with a problem sketch, there was no reason on earth why another member of the Church should not meet with almost equal success. So that my natural trepidation was leavened by a measure of self-confidence. And yet I had an uneasy feeling that the little collection of music-hall artistes saw me coming—in the slang sense. Two men especially I singled out, and I could have sworn that I at once became the subject of their whispered conversation. One of these I took to be an American. He had the usual sartorial features, including a low-crowned felt hat, a suit not quite as broad as long, and a pair of indescribable boots. His companion was a big Irishman, and appeared to be a member of the hatless brigade. I remember thinking at the time that

any man with such very musical hair could well afford to dispense with head covering.

With my wideawake and the book of my sketch in one hand I was just about to tap on the door marked "Private" with the other, when the American called out politely,

"Say, excuse me. I think you'll find Mr. Joshfeller's busy just now."

"Oh, thank you," I said, taking a step in the speaker's direction and realising that I had committed something approaching a breach of etiquette.

"How thoughtless of me," I went on, setting out to be friendly. "Of course, all you ladies and gentlemen are also waiting for an interview."

"Waal, he's naat an easy man to see," replied the American. "I should say a variety agent is somethin' like your Aarehbishop of CANTERBURY to git right hold of."

"Er—yes. With regard to the ARCHBISHOP," I said, "I have never had the pleasure. But I've no doubt it's an apt comparison. Perhaps you could tell me if they deal in sketches here?"

"I could naat. Sketches are naat in my line. I'm a comedian. But see here. What is this sketch you've gaat?—Is it sensational, cahmedy, or what?"

"Oh, it's—it's a problem sketch."

"Is ut funny?" asked the Irishman.

"Oh, no. Quite serious," I said.

Here was an opportunity of gaining an unbiassed opinion, and, encouraged by their interest, I showed them the script and related the story in a few words.

"Sir," said the American, when I had finished, "that show would cause a riot on a cannibal island."

"Ye'll be ather wantin' a fortune for ut?" asked the Irishman.

"Oh, no. Quite a modest sum would content me," I said. "But I'm very gratified to think you like the idea."

"I'm thinkin' ut'll revolutionise the music-halls," said the Irishman. "Ye'll want to use great caution the way ye dispose of ut."

"Yes, Sir!" added the American.

"And listen here. I caan't let a man of your cloth rush into vaudeville without a word of preparation, and without tellin' you that there's some store of disillusionment waitin' for any stranger. All around you'll find things are unreal. You'll see Hindoos that are white men, Chinese that are Yanks, comedians that caan't make you laaf, and angelic-lookin' women that are naat. For instance, if you've weighed me up at all you guess I'm Amurrican. Sir, you think I'm a genuine Yank. Waal, I'm naat. I was born in Brixton, and never been out of this country. But I know what pays. Now you caan't

tell me you ain't shocked at that. Is it not deception? Do you, as a cloirgyman, think it's right?"

"The question you put me is a difficult one," I answered after a moment's thought. "I have come here to find an opening for my sketch, and I realise that if I join the ranks of your profession I must conform to its customs. On the whole, I am inclined to take a rather broad-minded view. Perhaps if I myself were in any way connected with the Church—but, as a matter of fact, I'm not."

The Brixton-American burst into a roar of laughter at this statement. The Irishman merely smiled a peculiar smile and nodded his head. I somehow felt very elated. It was as if I had already proved my worth in another sphere. The only tiny niggle in my ointment was the thought that the Brixton-American combination rather tended to detract from the originality of my own enterprise.

"You see," I went on, trying to speak with indifference, "if a real parson can do this kind of thing, and cause a public sensation with the help of his clerical position, there seems to be no reason why a bogus one should fail. And I have no doubt that the sight of a clergyman will considerably impress a man of the variety agent type. Now don't you, as music-hall artistes, consider my idea rather ingenious? Don't you think that, compared with the ordinary ruse, it savours of originality?"

"Oh, say, I think it's cute," said the Brixton-American, and laughed again.

"Shpeakin' for meself," remarked the Irishman, the lines about his mouth hardening in a quite unaccountable manner, "I'll admit that yer-cunning does not appeal to me. There's deception and deception. And ut's the public, and not the agents, that ye've got to deceive. Maybe if I was a music-hall artiste—but I'm not. I'm an agent. Me name's Silas K. Joshfeller."

"Really?" I said. "I hope you will forgive my unfortunate intentions towards yourself."

"Ach! Your intentions and my idinthity don't matter at all at all. Ut's your claim to one shpark of originality that dh rives me sh tark ravin' mad. You and your rotten whiskered sketch and your pantomime parson make-up. Originality, begorra! Why, you're the tenth sham priest that's ather comin' up here wid sketches the last month."

The Surprise of the Week.

"There is no prospect of any change in the changeable weather."—*Manchester Courier.*



THE TRIBUTE OF ENVY.

MADAME LA RÉPUBLIQUE (*singing*). "J'AI FAIT SAUTER MON MINISTÈRE."

MR. BONAR LAW (*to Lord LANSDOWNE*). "ADMIRABLE WOMAN! THEY ORDER THESE THINGS BETTER IN FRANCE."



"WHAT D'YOU MEAN BY MAKING ME SLACK UP? YOU NEEDN'T GET FUNKY ABOUT AN OLD HORSE LIKE THAT SHYING!"
 "MAYBE, SIR, BUT HE'S A BIT SHAKY ON THE LEGS AND I HAD TO THINK OF THE DRAUGHT!"

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

WHY not make life a little easier for your friends?
 Why not rub off the corners?
 And smooth out the creases?

THE BARE NECESSITY SUPPLY ASSOCIATION have the honour to announce their list of Daintiest Recencies for the Yule-Tide Season. Last year we had the pleasure of introducing to our patrons those three labour-saving devices—now to be found in every home—the CHIEGG, the KEEFOT and the SLIPON.

Our Committee of Long-felt-want Experts has been at work again, and we now quote from this year's catalogue the following three SPECIAL DOMESTIC NOVELTIES and AIDS TO THE ELEGANT LIFE.

(Full catalogue sent on application by special delivery van.)

No. 125463 B. THE CHILCUP.

This is a charming, indeed exquisite, little breakfast-table adjunct for those in a hurry. A most appropriate Christmas present for business men and others. It is a delicate little silver electric fan, which can be clipped on to the rim of the coffee-cup, to cool the contents. No more gulped coffee! No more missed trains!

No. 69 AAJ. THE ASPRAGLOVE.

It has long been felt that something should be done to facilitate the eating of asparagus in public. There is nothing clumsy about the Asparaglove. It only encloses the thumb and first finger, and may be left in the finger-bowl if preferred. Supplied in dozens. A most appropriate and topical Christmas gift, but must be put aside—along with tennis shoes or parasol—till the proper season.

(NOTE.—It has been suggested to us that it might be a little awkward for the diner-out to come to the table wearing an Asparaglove when there was no asparagus provided. This difficulty can be easily overcome, however, by hostesses printing in the corner of invitation cards the one word "Asparagus." It should be in very small type and need not obtrude itself. N.B.—These cards can be obtained from our Stationery Dept. No. 111111121.)

No. 5451336 L.

THE THERE-AND-BACK SPOON.

Beautifully simple in its operation. (May be had in sets of half-a-dozen with monogram.)

Have we not all met with the difficulty of eating cherry and other stone fruit with any degree of elegance? The problem is now solved, thanks to the

secret chamber beneath the head of the spoon, which is always ready noiselessly to receive the stones as they are rejected.

Let us all do something to brighten the Home.

THE BARE NECESSITY SUPPLY ASSOC.

"The 'Eclair' says that Miss Pankhurst began to speak in French, but that, as she appeared insufficiently familiar with that language, she was obliged to continue in French. Part of the audience protested and others applauded."—*Westminster Gazette*.

We should have applauded her pluck while protesting against her unintelligibility.

"Lord Henley, of Watford Court, has just presented each of his estate cottagers with 10 cwt. of coal. The gifts are keenly reciprocated."—*Northampton Mercury*.

In fact they have a local proverb now about carrying coals to Henley, and his lordship wishes it to be understood that his cellars are full.

"In the last Act she commits suicide by throwing herself in front of a locomotive engine. This, of course, is not all that happens, but it is the main line."

Morning Post.

On a branch line you can't always be sure of getting an engine.

THE SPORTSMAN.

"Mr. Lumley to see you!" said the office-boy, interrupting my usual noon-day nap.

"Lumley?" I said. "Lumley? I don't know anyone of that name. What does he want?"

"Says it's a private matter, Sir, and pertickly asks to have a few words."

"Oh, well, show him up."

For aught I knew my visitor might be the secret emissary of a wealthy stranger who proposed to leave me an immense fortune. Such things do happen, I believe, at any rate in books.

I hurriedly arranged some important-looking documents on my writing-table, and had successfully assumed the attitude of a man immersed in affairs, whose valuable time was not lightly to be encroached upon, when Mr. Lumley was announced.

"I trust I'm not intruding, Mr. Biffin," he began, "but your name was given to me by Major Hardaway-Pilchard and Sir Edward Topping. I ventured, therefore—"

"It was kind of these gentlemen, whoever they may be, to give you that which did not belong to them," I remarked severely, "but I may as well say at once that I am totally unacquainted with either of them."

"I was talking to Captain Spindler only the other day," he continued unabashed, "and

he said he was sure you would be interested in our little scheme."

"To the best of my belief," I replied, "I have never set eyes on Captain Spindler. But what is your 'little scheme,' as you call it?"

"Sir Edward Topping and Major Hardaway-Pilchard and, I may add, many other gentlemen equally well known in sporting circles, have long felt the want of a volume—a book of reference—that should contain brief biographies of persons who, like yourself, are interested in all matters connected with sport."

"I am certainly interested in sport," I began, "but I must confess that—"

"Exactly, Mr. Biffin! Precisely. And in this publication we propose to devote an entire page to every one of our leading British sportsmen who is good enough

to provide materials for a biography. We thus hope to produce a work of absorbing interest, the value of which will be greatly enhanced by photograph portraits. I have been commissioned to approach you as one of our typical—"

"Really, Mr. Lumley, I can hardly be called typical."

"If you will kindly give me a brief sketch of your sporting career, I shall not detain you long, I assure you."

He drew a note-book from his pocket. "In early life, Mr. Biffin," he continued, "you were, I believe, a keen footballer?"

"If there is one game I have always detested," I replied, "it is football. As

"that I am utterly useless at both tennis and croquet, while my handicap at golf is twenty-four. Indeed, until last summer it had always been thirty-two."

"Perhaps shooting and fishing are more in your line?"

"I gave up shooting twenty years ago, because I never hit anything except a beater, and the only fishing I ever indulge in takes the form of a little mild shrimping during my summer holidays at the sea-side." I rose to my feet to intimate that the interview was at an end.

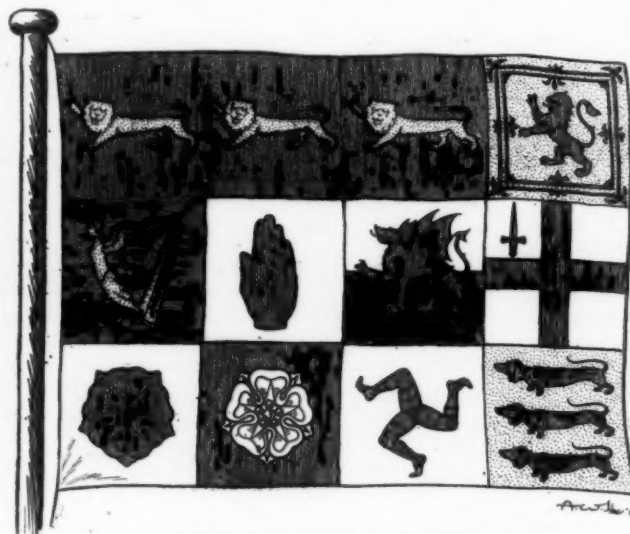
"I am very much obliged to you for all your valuable and interesting information," said Mr. Lumley as he left the room. "You shall hear from me later."

Three months elapsed and I had almost forgotten this interview when I was pleasantly surprised, one bright June morning, by the receipt of a handsomely-bound volume, entitled *Leaders of British Sport*, containing a slip inscribed, "With the Publisher's compliments. See p. 83." Turning hastily to the page mentioned I read the following notice:—

"BIFFIN, REGINALD DRAKE.—Stock-broker; b. 1872; educ. Harrow and Oxford; n. of Sir Theodore Biffin, K.C.V.O.; four s. and two d.; owns three acres. Played football regularly for many years in a school eleven, but was not included in the team that

represented Oxford at Blackheath in 1892. As a cricketer his batting average was remarkable, and the wickets he took on the playing-fields at Harrow are still remembered. Is deeply interested in polo, and though it would be unfair to compare him with players of the calibre of Mr. Buckmaster or the Brothers Waterbury he has long been a conspicuous and familiar figure at Ranelagh. Plays tennis and croquet with equal skill, and if his golf-handicap continues to be reduced at the present rate should undoubtedly become a scratch player in less than three years. Has renounced shooting in favour of the gentler art, and is considered by some to be among the keenest and not least successful salt-water fishermen on the South Coast . . ."

I could find nothing in all this that



"HOME RULE ALL ROUND."

(Suggested design for Royal Standard under the above arrangement.)

ENGLAND, NORTH. ENGLAND, MIDLANDS. ENGLAND, SOUTH. SCOTLAND.
IRELAND, SOUTH AND WEST. ULSTER. WALES. LONDON.
LANCASHIRE. YORKSHIRE. ISLE OF MAN. ISLE OF DOGS.

a boy I was, of course, compelled to play it, but I never developed the least taste for it. When I left my private school I was still in the fourth eleven, and at Oxford I gave up the game altogether."

"At cricket, no doubt—"

"I was just as poor a performer. My batting average at Harrow never reached double figures, and the occasions on which I bowled a wicket were rare enough to be memorable."

"Polo, Mr. Biffin, I am sure you—"

"Never," I answered firmly. "Though as a member of Ranelagh I often enjoy watching the inter-regimental matches, I have too great a respect for my bones to take part in so dangerous a pastime."

"Oh, indeed!" Mr. Lumley appeared to be disappointed.

"I may further add," I went on,



Conscientious Window-dresser. "MR. GRAHAM! WOULD YOU MIND GIVING MISS WILLCOX A CALL, AND ASK HER TO KINDLY STEP THIS WAY AND GIVE ME THIS POSE? I CAN'T QUITE GET WHAT I WANT."

seemed to call for criticism. As a brief epitome of my various activities in the realm of sport it seemed to be eminently truthful and satisfactory. I read it aloud to my wife after luncheon, and she expressed herself no less delighted than surprised by it.

"Oh, Reginald," she exclaimed affectionately, "why didn't you tell me all this before? I had no idea you'd done so much."

"There are some things one doesn't talk about," I replied modestly.

"Won't mother be pleased!" she continued.

"I hope so. It even occurs to me that a copy of this book would make a very suitable Christmas present for your dear mother, and indeed for Uncle Joseph and others of your relatives who don't perhaps appreciate me as much as—"

"Oh, wouldn't it!" she agreed enthusiastically. "I hope you'll order a dozen copies at least."

"That is what I propose to do. And now," I added, glancing at my watch, "I must be getting off to Ranelagh."

An anxious expression crossed my wife's face. "Reginald," she appealed,

"polo is such a dangerous game. Promise me you won't take any risks!"

"Have no fears, darling," I replied with some emotion; "I promise."

THE PICTURE-PAPER TO ITS PUBLIC.

We, who purvey pictorial news,
 Profess the most enlightened views,
 For we maintain that all sensation
 Is ours, to share with you, the nation.
 Down, therefore, with the social pest
 Who hugs his horrors to his breast!
 Down with the vile, self-centred man
 Who keeps things private when he can!
 We have our eye on him—we mark
 All woes which he would fain keep dark.
 Our Press photographer is out
 To put his privacy to rout.
 For all man's passion, grief, distress,
 Are merely matter for the Press,
 And mainly that which craves omission
 Shall go to feed our vast edition.

Then, O our Public, gather near!
 We've got a tit-bit! Just look here!
 Here's something over which to gloat—
 The funeral of a man of note.
 We hope you will not fail to see
 Our really painful Picture 3,

For we have had the luck to snap
 The dead man's son (that tallish chap)
 And favorite brother (head bent down,
 Confound him!) walking through the town.

We got them, after quite a hunt,
 At six yards' range from close in front.
 It seems that, suffering as they were,
 They shunned our Press photographer.
 They didn't wish their grief to rise
 Before a million pair of eyes;
 Tried to escape from our molesting.
This makes the snap more interesting.

Here, then, they are: their sorrow's plain,
 Or should be, to your eager brain.
 Look at them closely; thus you will
 Not fail to feel the authentic thrill.
 Ah! ain't it sad to think those men
 Have lost their loved one from their ken?

Could any other human sight
 Harrow you more than such a plight?
 Thanks to our enterprise you see
 Their realistic misery
 (Behind—see Picture 1—the bier).
 Inset, we have the mourner's tear,
 Taken while falling. Overleaf,
 We chat about the widow's grief.

IN THE SWIM.

"Do you tango?" asked Miss Hopkins, as soon as we were comfortably seated. I know her name was Hopkins, because I had her down on my programme as Popkins, which seemed too good to be true; and, in order to give her a chance of reconsidering it, I had asked her if she was one of the Popkinses of Hampshire. It had then turned out that she was really one of the Hopkineses of Maida Vale.

"No," I said, "I don't." She was only the fifth person who had asked me, but then she was only my fifth partner.

"Oh, you ought to. You must be up-to-date, you know."

"I'm always a bit late with these things," I explained. "The waltz came to England in 1812, but I didn't really master it till 1904."

"I'm afraid if you wait as long as that before you master the tango it will be out."

"That's what I thought. By the time I learnt the tango, the bingo would be in. My idea was to learn the bingo in advance, so as to be ready for it. Think how you'll all envy me in 1917. Think how Society will flock to my Bingo Quick Lunches. I shall be the only man in London who binges properly. Of course by 1918 you'll all be at it."

"Then we must have one together in 1918," smiled Miss Hopkins.

"In 1918," I pointed out coldly, "I shall be learning the pongé."

My next partner had no name that I could discover, but a fund of conversation.

"Do you tango?" she asked me as soon as we were comfortably seated.

"No," I said, "I don't. But," I added, "I once learned the minuet."

"Oh, they're not very much alike, are they?"

"Not a bit. However, luckily that doesn't matter, because I've forgotten all the steps now."

She seemed a little puzzled and decided to change the subject.

"Are you going to learn the tango?" she asked.

"I don't think so. It took me four months to learn the minuet."

"But they're quite different, aren't they?"

"Quite," I agreed.

As she seemed to have exhausted herself for the moment, it was obviously my business to say something. There was only one thing to say.

"Do you tango?" I asked.

"No," she said, "I don't."

"Are you going to learn?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Ah!" I said; and five minutes later we parted for ever.

The next dance really was a tango, and I saw to my horror that I had a name down for it. With some difficulty I found the owner of it, and prepared to explain to her that unfortunately I couldn't dance the tango, but that for profound conversation about it I was undoubtedly the man. Luckily she explained first.

"I'm afraid I can't do this," she apologised. "I'm so sorry."

"Not at all," I said magnanimously. "We'll sit it out."

We found a comfortable seat.

"Do you tango?" she asked.

I was tired of saying "No."

"Yes," I said.

"Are you sure you wouldn't like to find somebody else to do it with?"

"Quite, thanks. The fact is I do it rather differently from the way they're doing it here to-night. You see, I actually learnt it in the Argentine."

She was very much interested to hear this.

"Really? Are you out there much? I've got an uncle living there now. I wonder if—"

"When I say I learnt it in the Argentine," I explained, "I mean that I was actually taught it in St. John's Wood, but that my dancing mistress came from—"

"In St. John's Wood?" she said eagerly. "But how funny! My sister is learning there. I wonder if—"

She was a very difficult person to talk to. Her relations seemed to spread themselves all over the place.

"Perhaps that is hardly doing justice to the situation," I explained again.

"It would be more accurate to put it like this. When I decided—by the way, does your family frequent Paris? No? Good. Well, when I decided to learn the tango, the fact that my friends the Hopkineses of St. John's Wood, or rather Maida Vale, had already learnt it in Paris naturally led me to— I say, what about an ice? It's getting awfully hot in here."

"Oh, I don't think—"

"I'll go and get them," I said hastily; and I went and took a long time getting them, and, as it turned out that she didn't want hers after all, a longer time eating them. When I was ready for conversation again the next dance was beginning. With a bow I relinquished her to another.

"Come along," said a bright voice behind me; "this is ours."

"Hallo, Norah, is that you? Come on."

We hurried in, danced in silence, and then found ourselves a comfortable seat. For a moment neither of us spoke . . .

"Have you learnt the tango yet?" asked Norah.

"Fourteen," I said aloud.

"Help! Does that mean that I'm the fourteenth person who has asked you?"

"The night is yet young, Norah. You are only the eighth. But I was betting that you'd ask me before I counted twenty. You lost, and you owe me a pair of ivory-backed hair-brushes and a cigar-cutter."

"Bother. Anyhow, I'm not going to be stopped talking about the tango if I want to. Did you know I was learning? I can do the scissors."

"Good. We'll do the new Fleet Street movement together, the scissors-and-paste. You go into the ball-room and do the scissors, and I'll—er—stick here and do the paste."

"Can't you really do any of it at all, and aren't you going to learn?"

"I can't do any of it at all, Norah. I am not going to learn, Norah."

"It isn't so very difficult, you know. I'd teach you myself for tuppence."

"Will you stop talking about it for threepence?" I asked, and I took out three coppers.

"No."

I sighed and put them back again.

It was the last dance of the evening. My hostess, finding me lonely, had dragged me up to somebody, and I and whatever her name was were in the supper room drinking our farewell soup. So far we had said nothing to each other. I waited anxiously for her to begin. Suddenly she began.

"Have you thought about Christmas presents yet?" she asked.

I nearly swooned. With difficulty I remained in an upright position. She was the first person who had not begun by asking me if I danced the tango!

"Excuse me," I said. "I'm afraid I didn't—would you tell me your name again?"

I felt that it ought to be celebrated in some way. I had some notion of writing a sonnet to her.

"Hopkins," she said; "I knew you'd forgotten me."

"Of course I haven't," I said, suddenly remembering her. The sonnet would never be written now. "We had a dance together before."

"Yes," she said. "Let me see," she added, "I did ask you if you danced the tango, didn't I?" A. A. M.

As Richard looked at the girl her whole throat and face rose in one soft wave.

London Budget.

It would have drowned the affection of any man but Richard.

THE TANGO IN THE BALL-ROOM.



AS LETTERS IN THE PAPERS FROM AMATEUR SOCIAL REFORMERS WOULD HAVE US IMAGINE IT.



AND AS WE HAVE ACTUALLY SEEN IT.



Vedette (on Irish manoeuvres). "WELL, THEY MAY 'AVE THEIR BLOOMIN' 'OME RULE, THEIR WHOLE BLESSED COUNTRY, AN' 'ARF INDIA TO DRY IT IN FOR ANYTHINK I CARES!"

THE ROUND-SHOT OF ENGLAND.

(On reading the news that December 11th is the last day for dispatching Christmas puddings to Roumania via Germany.)

By south, by north, from Thames to Forth,
The fair projectile sails;
What packing up of soundless bombs
For unforgetten Dicks and Toms
In far-off places of the earth,
From Leeds, from Exeter, from Perth
(And very possibly from Porth,
Glamorgan county, Wales)!

They bring no shame of shells that maim,
But only Christmas cheer;
Charged with the fruitage of the grape,
With shrapnel spice they round the Cape,
But not the Horn (why not? Aha!
That new canal at Panama);
They burst into a blue-green flame
By many an unknown pier.

The white-winged gulls attend the hulls
That bear them to the west;
The camels in the Libyan sand,
Who watch the old mirage expand
And feign belief with wondrous tact,
Trudge on with these all neatly packed
In suitable receptacles
And properly addressed.

They speed; and if by texture stiff
Or too luxuriant plums
On eaters of so godlike fare
There falls some aftermath of care,
How short-lived that internal pain,
How fond the memories that remain
Of home and England! What a whiff
Of Piccadilly comes!

But most of all I love to call
Sweet images to mind
Of aliens not of English blood
Who hear the Saxon pudding thud,
Who see, who crave, who taste, who smile
At this first glory of our isle,
Who bow the knee at last, and fall
With England's suet lined.

So, fat and sweet with all things meet,
I like to think there ride
Tremendous orbs of British duff,
Fulfilled with Orient fruits enough,
On Teuton rails from Teuton shores
To where Roumania smelt the wars,
That smoked about the Balkans' feet
And vanquished Turkey's pride.

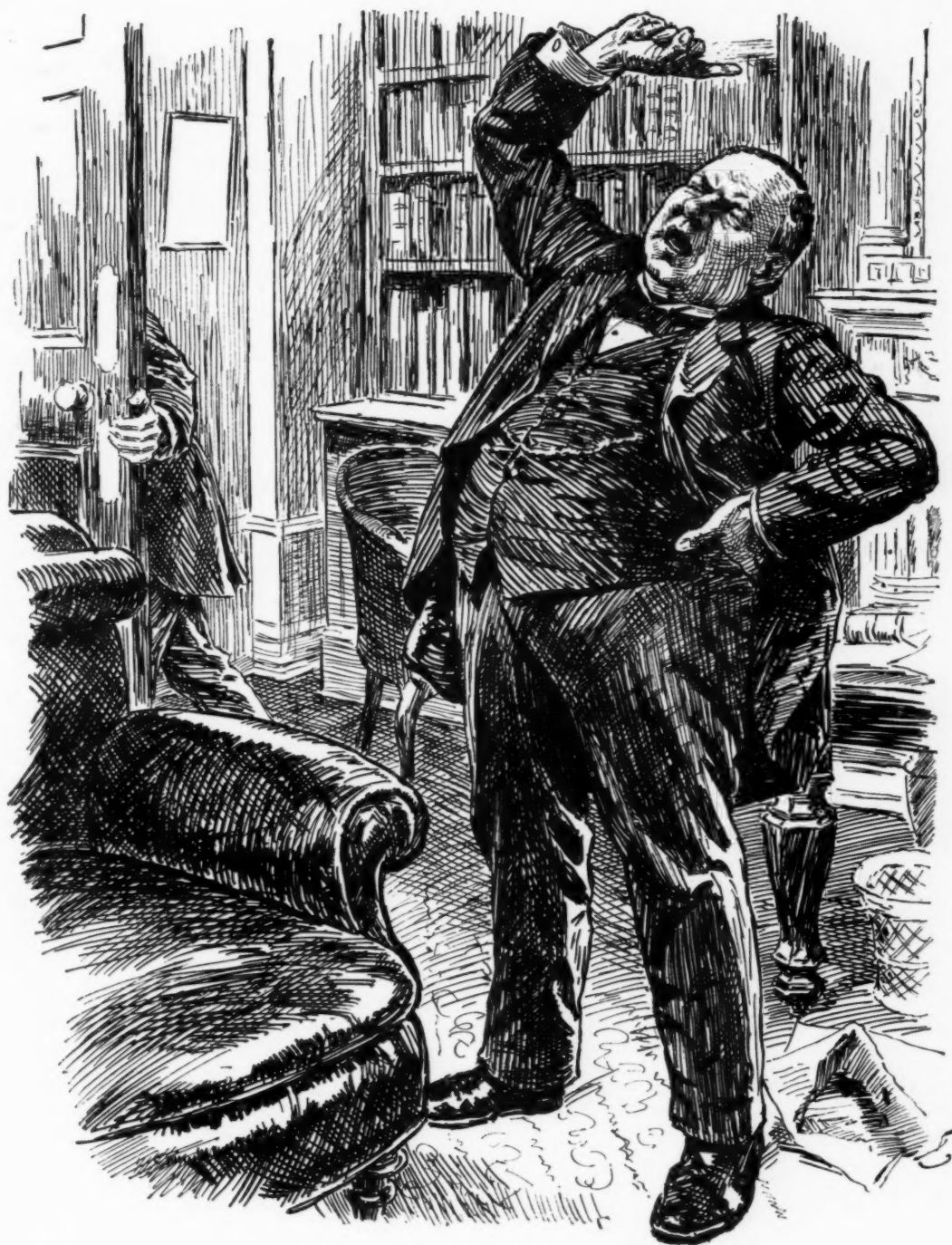
EVOR.

"MEXICAN AFFAIRS

PRESIDENT WILL REJECT AMERICAN DIAMONDS."

Natal Advertiser.

Bribery is of little use with your true Mexican.



“AS MAN TO MAN.”

LORD HALDANE. “ONE HUNDRED AND TENTHLY AND LASTLY—IF I MAY BE PERMITTED TO GET IN A WORD EDGEWAYS—”

[Fancy picture of Lord HALDANE's ideal of a conference: that “one on each side . . . should come together and talk with the unrestrained freedom with which men talk when they are talking to each other in private, as man to man.”]

THE DRUDGE.

"GEORGE, old man," said James, drawing up his chair to my end of the table, after Christine had gone out and left us to our male pursuits, "I want a heart-to-heart talk with you, old man."

I handed him the decanter and preserved a non-committal silence. The sudden prominence of the phrase "old man" in his conversation led me to expect the worst.

He pulled his chair even closer and stretched out an affectionate hand towards me. I placed a cigar in it, thus avoiding what was obviously to have been a long silent grip. "You and I have been the best of pals," he asserted.

"Pals!" I said with scorn. "Nay, chums."

But he was not to be deterred. "When we were boys together, we fought often, but we loved each other if boys ever did."

I gave him a very searching look. "James," I demanded, "is this morbid gush the preface of a jest or a money application; or is it drink, or"—and a horrible suspicion came over me—"is it an engagement?"

He extended some more hands in my direction. "She is the dearest girl on earth," said he.

The deathless clasp was now inevitable. "No doubt," I said, clasping with all appropriate enthusiasm. We have known each other for a long time, thought I to myself as we held on, but are we all this to each other?

"You must hear all about her," said James.

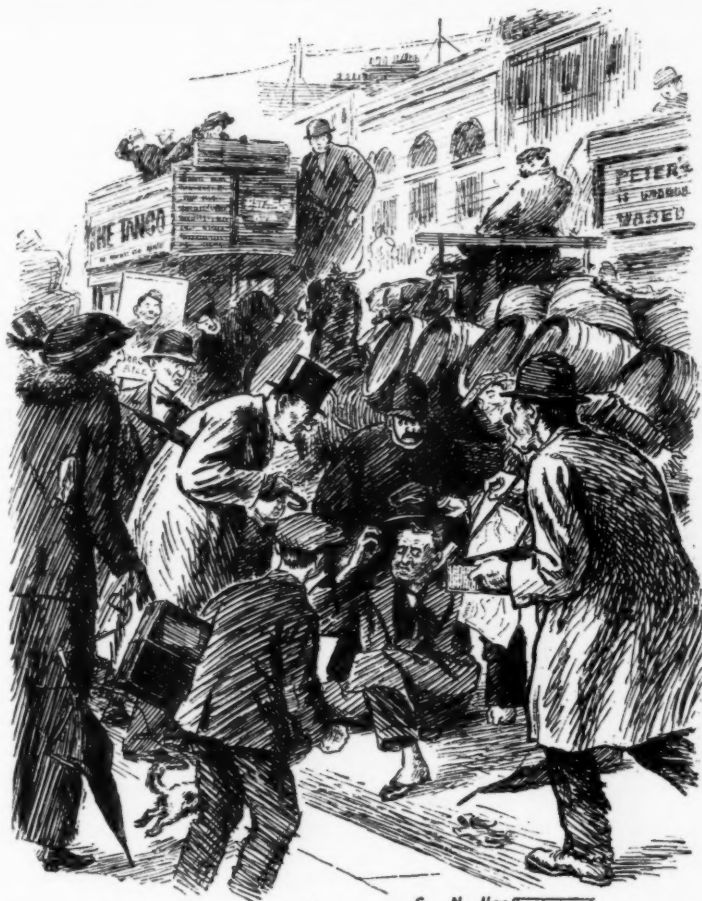
"Must I?" said I.

"Really?" "Quite so," and "Well, I never!" said I from time to time.

I found myself wondering if I was like this when I was engaged to Christine . . . whose birthday, by-the-by, was on the morrow . . . which reminded me that I had promised her a new driver . . . which made me ask myself, "Had I ordered my own?" . . . which recalled to me that I should have to get my clubs from Wimbledon in the morning and that I had promised Hartree to be at Richmond by 10.30 . . . This took some arranging . . . I arranged it . . . The best way would be to taxi to . . . There was a sudden burst of silence, and I awoke to find James regarding me with a cold, hurt, indignant stare.

"You are not interested a little bit," said he.

"On the contrary," I protested, "I congratulate you with all the sincerity of which I am capable."



Unfortunate Pedestrian (who has been knocked down and is a little dazed). "WHERE AM I? WHERE AM I?"

Enterprising Hawker. "ERE Y'ARE, SIR—MAP O' LONDON, ONE PENNY."

"Idle and meaningless words," said he. "It is my passionate belief," I swore, "that you have done the best possible thing for yourself in getting engaged to . . . Help me out with the name."

James paid no attention to me.

"At any rate," I continued, "whatever her name, I stand here for engagements in the abstract. Why? Because as often as not they lead to marriages. And why do I advocate marriage as an institution? Because it provides a man with a helpmate, someone with whom to share his joys and his sorrows and the joys and the sorrows of his friends. My dear fellow, I cannot tell you what your news means to me," I added rising. "But I know who can, and that's Christine."

Even so James was all for shaking my dust off his feet.

"Very well," I said; "but you must say good-night to her before you go."

I pushed him into the drawing-room and withdrew before he had finished telling Christine that he really must go. Two hours later I came back to tell him myself that he really must go. "But first," I said, "you must have something to moisten your parched throat."

"Let us drink your Audrey's health," said Christine; and James, who was now all over himself again, insisted upon drinking also the health of all his many friends.

"How many?" I asked. "About fifty odd?"

James put the number even higher.

"And one by one they'll get engaged?" I suggested.

James fervently hoped they would.

"And one by one they'll insist upon your hearing all about it?"

James went on hoping.

I yawned comfortably. "Well, if your Audrey likes the prospect," said I, "it's her affair, not mine."

STUDIES OF REVIEWERS.

III.—THE NEW ART CRITIC OF
THE TIMES.

AMONGST recent exhibitors at the Neo-British Art League there are few more arresting painters than Mme. Strulda Brugh, yet even she has never chosen a more radiantly intractable theme than that of her "Pekinese Puppies" (92). Her method is flatly antipodean to that of the Congestionist school represented by M. Pipposquillace in that she deanthromorphizes her scheme of pigmentation into nodules of aplanatic voluminosity.

It is perfectly obvious that by the evaluation of the subliminal factors and the substitution of rhomboidal for conical elasmobranchs, each bounded by its own laminated penumbra, a sense of pragmatic serenity should result as contrasted with the stark jocosity of the Congestionists. But it is still more obvious that if you press this hypothesis to its logical extreme and introduce the whole-tone scale of colour into a polyphonic pattern where only conjunct chromatic progressions are available, the conflict of the equal and the unequal temperament resolves itself into a *tesitura* so rarefied that the conscientious critic can only cope with the resulting discord by submerging himself and his readers in the profundities of a polysyllabic pomposity. To put it in rather simpler language, the eye of the observer must be buttressed by the ability to supplement the conscious recognition of the exact angle of the implied rays of light with the definite disengaging of what is typical of that direction and to be maintained in a summary, and what is accidental and therefore to be deleted.

When, therefore, as in the case of Mme. Strulda Brugh's picture, we have to assume a fluorescent reticulation of the interstitial sonorities, a situation is developed which might well baffle any but an advanced expert in transcendental mathematics. As a result the modelling of the puppies' tails is lacking in curvilinear conviction; their heads fail in leonine suggestiveness, their fore-paws in prehensile subjectivity; and we feel sure that the late Dowager Empress of China would have been disappointed with the arbitrary

simplification of the dynamic illusions germane to so imperial a theme.

MARCELLUS THOM AND OTHERS.

Mr. Marcellus Thom exhibits a large fresco, "Sardine Fishers in the Adriatic" (99), executed in creosoted truffle-stick, which is a masterpiece of suppressed yet dignified antinomianism. Wonderful though the drawing and the interfiltration of co-ordinating parabolooids are, it is the psychological content of the picture rather than its direct presentative significance which affects the solar plexus of the enlightened onlooker. The whole atmosphere is summarised and condensed in a circumambient and oleaginous *aura*. We see no sardines anywhere, but we are delicately subconscious of them translated to their tins, and consecrated to

chromolithographs which dedecorated the Christmas numbers of the early eighties. Yet in her other picture, "Girls Playing Rugby Football" (82), there is a vigorous economy of outline, a sort of jejune spirituality that recalls the early work of Bomboudiac, or perhaps rather of Etienne Jauréguiberry. Observe here the dramatic import of the foreshortening of the left leg of the three-quarters in the middle distance. The expression on the features of the scrummagers is admirably summarised, but it is a pity that so much dynamic intensity should be neutralized by the somewhat perfunctory triangulation of the successive sections of the linear boundaries.

On a lower plane of achievement we may notice the deftly suggested interior of Mr. Snitram's "Coal Shoot" (21), the ingenuous pigment of Miss Olga Pape's "Hara-Kiri" (74), the business-like planning of washes in M. Margel's "Crab-catchers in the Humber" (42), the delicious "Clothes Line in a High Wind" (122), by Mme. de Tilkins, and the superb *bravura* of Mr. Nigel Guggenheimer's portrait of Mr. Adrian Stoop (14), though we boggle a little at the false *appoggiatura*, so to speak, introduced by the lighting of the left nostril. It is a subject which M. Bombinante would have treated with a more poignant and intimate particularity of sentiment.



Pat (selling a young horse). "MIND MOTY CARS, IS IT? SURE, YESTERDAY ONE PASSED THE SIZE OF A HOUSE, AN' SHE CHASED IT TO CLONMEL."

the gulosity of the sympathetic gastronomie. To do full justice to such a picture is unhappily beyond the resources of the most sublime preciosity. It demands the *ισωμερικὴ φλνάρ'α* of Theopompus of Megalocrania, or even the *intima desipientia* distilled in the *Atopiad* of Vesanus Sanguinolentus.

THE ART OF MISS BOLSTER.

The successful employment of the sophisticated apparatus of the Congestionist in order to pervert or disintegrate the appearances of nature does not, of course, prove an adequate substitute for pure "patternization," to quote the useful if somewhat barbarous neologism of Professor Slattery; and the importance of a due discrimination in this regard is strikingly demonstrated in the work of Miss Toupie Bolster. Of her ten contributions "A Study in Oxford Socks" (99) is perhaps the most realistically satisfying, reminding one in its hectic diathesis of the florid

CLEMENT CLINGENPEEL.

(A Memoir.)

THE late Clement Clingenpeel was a life-size piano-tuner. He would rather have been anything else, but then all the Clingenpeels right away back have been life-size piano-tuners, and it is no use grousing at destiny. There was an old legendary couplet about the Clingenpeels which I have forgotten, though this is the sense of it:—

"Chow, chough, chuff, clipping Clingenpeel;
Oranges and lemons—"

This is the bit I've forgotten, but it ends in "eel" to rhyme.

Briefly what it means is that, come weal, come woe, no Clingenpeel can expect to earn any money save by tuning pianos. (One of the Clingenpeels set up once in business as a builder of dust-destructors. But one of his machines, to the surprise of one

of his patrons, one day in one year commenced to destroy dust, and so people lost faith in it.

My Clement—I call him my Clement because he owed me all his prospective income—although a loyal piano-tuner, had tried his hand at several minor pursuits. He failed at them all, which does seem to bear out in a way the truth of that superstitious old couplet. Ah, I remember it now. It goes:—

“Chow, chough, chuff, clipping Clingenpeel;
Oranges and lemons—”

Dash it! It's gone again. I know perfectly well what the next word is. It rhymes with one of those places where QUEEN ELIZABETH stayed for one night only, and in shape it is like a banana. But the actual word escapes me. However, I will think of it presently. (If you're gone, I'll send it to you on a postcard.)

Well, Clement tried for one thing to be a dramatist. He wrote a play about three generations. This was how he mapped it out:—

Act I.—Pithecanthropus, 400,000 B.C.

Act II.—Anthropus, 1913 A.D.

Act III.—Hyperanthropus, 400,000 A.D.

His idea was to get someone to do Act I., someone to do Act II. and SHAW to do Act III., and give them a proportion of the royalties. It all stopped at the idea, however, and perhaps it was as well.

Clement was in many ways unlucky. In fact he used to say to me, “Sir, I have an unlucky number.” This was fourteen. There may be nothing in it, but he died on the 21st (which, after all, is $\frac{3}{4}$ of 14), had seven children (which, after all, is $\frac{1}{2}$ of 14), and was exactly fourteen months in arrear with the rent. Fourteen was his unlucky break at billiards. He couldn't get past it. He'd either make fourteen or twenty-eight (which, after all, is just twice fourteen) or something a mere trifle more or less. There may be nothing in it, of course, but he believed in it, poor chap, and he's gone now. I remember his saying to me when borrowing money, “Fourteen pounds will be enough, Sir, but it's unlucky. Make it fifteen.” I never refused. For the sake of one pound why deny him his whim?

I never knew such a happy family man as Clement Clingenpeel. Sometimes he would even speak to his wife at dinner, and her eyes would light up with admiration and affection. When he threw anything it was never the bootjack. He would amuse the children for hours by shaking the coppers out of their money-boxes, and on their birthdays he would measure their height against the wall and give them his



Pavement Artist (on duty). “I CAN'T RECKON IT UP. I DRAW A LOT BETTER 'N YOU DO AN' YET I DON'T GET 'ARF THE MONEY.”

Pavement Artist (off duty). “YER SUBJECES IS ALL WRONG. BITS O' SALMON IS OUT O' DATE. I DONE TREMENJUS BISNESS IN THE SUMMER WITH 'OBBS AN' RUFUS ISICKS, AN' NOW I'M RUNNIN' BOMB, WELLS, GABY AND LARKIN, AN' THEY'RE GOIN' GOOD.”

blessing. Of literature he left little behind. A few letters, terse and to the point, may be found in the files of *Concord: the Organ of the International Association of Piano-tuners*, with his signature appended, but save in one instance the subject is too technical to be of general interest. I quote the exception:—

DEAR SIR,—This is the twenty-first anniversary of my joining the I.A.P.T. Wishing you and all fellow I.A.P.T.s the best,

Thanking you, yours,
C. CLINGENPEEL, I.A.P.T.

There is something of the man's fine nature in that missive. It gladdens me to think that his departed spirit may be aware of the simple inscription.

on the urn (containing his ashes) that stands on my mantelpiece—

CLINGENPEEL, CLEMENT, I.A.P.T.
1860—1913.

Many misunderstood mortals
Leave to the living their life.

Rather good, I think. Mysterious and melancholy without being maudlin.

P.S.—The new piano-tuner's name is Henry Zinnpank. That's the sort of luck I have.

“Now for the cars. . . . They would naturally turn into Argyle Street at the top of Oswald Street, and thus restore at the corner of Argyle Street and Jamaica Street the very congestion which they had relieved at the corner of Jamaica Street and Argyle Street.”—*Glasgow News*.

It seems hardly worth it.

MR. PUNCH'S OWN INDIAN POET.

IT is well known that *Mr. Punch* desires to keep abreast of all such literary movements as may elevate humanity by purifying the more obvious emotions and throwing a veil of poetry over the expression of thought. It is plain that this object cannot be properly attained without the possession of at least one highly qualified Indian poet ready at all times to break into verse (or, as some might say, to drop into poetry) on every subject that may conceivably be treated through the medium of metre. Such an assistant *Mr. Punch* has at last secured. It is not necessary that this gentleman's name should be divulged. *Mr. Punch's* word is a sufficient guarantee both for the poet's existence and for his unimpeachable good faith in the discharge of his poetical duties. Moreover, it is not to be supposed that *Mr. Punch* would be willing to pay the substantial honorarium to which he has committed himself unless he had previously satisfied himself that his poet was the genuine article.

After much consideration *Mr. Punch* has decided not to publish his poet's effusions in the original. It is a characteristic of true Indian poetry that it should be as effective in a prose translation as in its own language. It is only necessary to add that *Mr. Punch's* corps of translators has all the best Rabindranath qualifications, and that their work may be depended upon to convey to English readers all the simple mysticism and the plaintive outpourings which distinguish the votaries of the Indian muse. In order to prove that he is not talking at random or attempting to mislead his readers, *Mr. Punch* ventures to append two specimens of his poet's work.

I.

A WOMAN IN THE MOONLIGHT.

The moon is shining as moons have sometimes shone through hours that would otherwise have been devoid of light. O pale moon, what art thou shining upon and what becomes of thy beams when they have completed their work of shining? Does the quiet pool absorb them? Nay, the pool sends them back with renewed brilliance. Does the buffalo in the pasture fill his mouth with them and use them as a cud to be chewed placidly? Not so, for he has grass, which for the buffalo is better and more palatable than moonbeams. Who then is this walking with silver feet through the sleeping village?

It is a woman, and to her the moonlight is as a home. She has knees and ankles and arms—think of it, O my heart: knees and ankles and arms. Silver bangles are on her wrists and her hair is dusky with the kisses of the south wind.

She approaches and her eyes gaze into the night. What does she see in the night? Does she see my love in the night while I myself am concealed behind the wall? O wall of my safe concealment, let me cling to thee while she passes.

O my fair one, thy veil is as an enchantment and the turn of thy shoulder breathes mystery.

The moon has faded, and thou, too, hast vanished, but I will return and sing thy praises.

II.

THE FLOWING OF THE RIVER.

My beloved is poised upon the river-bank with a delicate poising. Waft your favours to her, ye breezes, and make her fair with all your gifts of beauty. If she be not beautiful how shall she be sung? But she is beautiful, with one foot dipped in the cool surface of the water.

When the soul is young it sings like a bird in the top-most branches of the tree. Sing, thou careless bird, and my soul shall sing too. But my soul can do more than sing. My soul can fly, bearing a message. My soul can skim along the river and can kiss the moist toes of her dipped foot.

Lo, she raises her foot, for she has felt the kiss, though it was light as the rustle of the tamarisk. Canst thou kiss like that, O hard-beaked bird?

The foregoing specimens are, in *Mr. Punch's* opinion, sufficient for his purpose. Not only will they be appreciated, he feels sure, by all readers who have refused to close their minds to the appeal of a poetry which is at once serious and refined and passionate and restrained, and which, without sacrificing sound to sense, tends to raise those who read it far above the harassing conventions of a life lived in these islands; they will also, he has no hesitation in saying, bring conviction to the soul of the most hardened and contemptuous cynic.

THE SHIP'S KITTEN.

It was a barque that dropped down the river

For the Indies or the Isthmus, and it rained a bit and blew;
She had a cargo of deals to deliver
And the Tower Bridge was lifted to let her go through;
"Hoo-oo," said the syrens, "hoo-oo" and "hoo-oo,"
"The *Ark* she got her anchor up when early fell the dew";
But the little ship's kitten it started to mew!

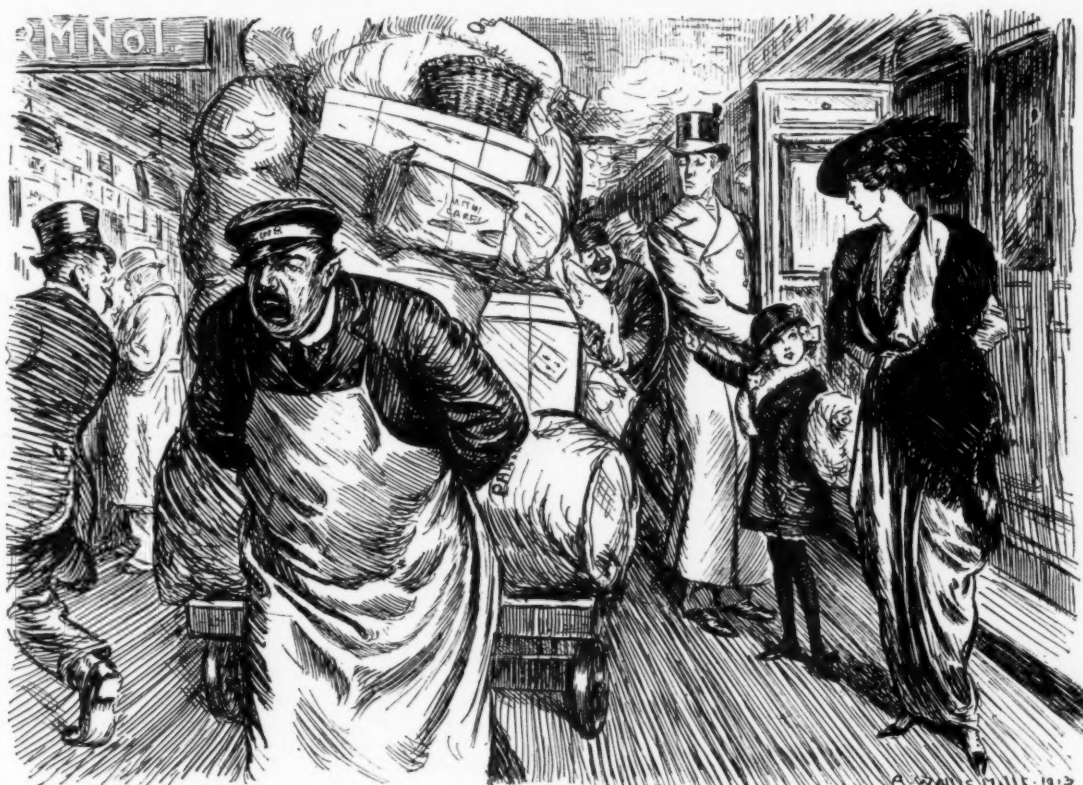
When they got to the Bay the cook's bell tinkled,
Though the big seas they tumbled and the big seas they rolled,
And through the rain squalls a lone beam twinkled,
Flashing and wheeling at night-time to behold.
"Ser-wosh," said the great seas so black and so bold,
"The *Ark* made heavy weather we have always heard it told";
And the little ship's kitten it let its tea get cold!

But when they got to the calm Equator,
The sun was setting crimson, very hot and heathenish,
And the stars turned over, and the moon grew greater
Low on the yard-arm like a big gold dish;
"Swish," sighed the little seas, "ser-wish" and "ser-wish,"
"The Lord He sent an olive-branch to them that did languish";
And the little ship's kitten it caught a flying-fish.

And when they got back from the Indies or the Isthmus,
The Isthmus or the Indies, whichever they'd been at,
They'd not seen the Thames since t'other side of Christmas,
And the Tower Bridge rose end-ways that lay down so flat;
"Hoo-oo," said the syrens, "how's that?" and "how's that?"
"We've sailed the Flood a twelve-month and we're fain for A'rat,"
And the little ship's kitten had grown to a cat!

"More than 2,000 persons work in Somerset House, and not a soul sleeps on the premises."—*Daily Express*.

We suppose we must accept this tardy vindication of the Government clerk, but the popular legend as to how he spends his time in Somerset House will not easily be allowed to die.



Small Daughter of Fortune (as third trolley goes by). "I REALLY THINK, MUMMY, IT MUST BE SOMEBODY'S BIRTHDAY."

THE WILL.

Mr. Gannaway was an elderly merchant who lived in one of the large outlying towns in the South of London. Let us call it Troydon. Every day he went up to town by the 8.43; every evening he returned by the 6.15. His house was only a few yards from the station.

Mr. Gannaway was an ordinary person in most ways, but he had a peculiarity. He could not bear noise, and day by day he noticed that the Troydon railway men were becoming noisier. The porters and inspectors banged the doors with more abandon than of old, the engine-drivers let out steam with a more shattering roar and whistled louder than they had ever done, while the shunting at night had become an outrage.

Mr. Gannaway did not want to leave his house, nor was he sufficiently superior to other people's laughter to adopt ear-flaps, as HERBERT SPENCER used to do, on the platform and in the train. He therefore, like a wise man, hit on a ruse . . .

"Do you happen to have seen to-day's *Troydon Gazette*?" he asked the

more talkative of the inspectors one morning.

"No, Sir," he said. "I've got it, but I haven't had time."

"There's a curious thing in it that ought to be interesting to some of you here," said Mr. Gannaway, and passed on.

The inspector took the earliest opportunity of searching the paper for the item. He found it at last under the heading

TROYDON RESIDENT'S STRANGE WILL.

The article ran thus:—

"A legal correspondent, who states that he is committing no breach of etiquette in thus divulging information acquired professionally, tells us that he has just drawn up a very interesting will for an infirm and elderly lady who occupies rooms in a house on the outlying Rawson Estate. So much did she once suffer from nerves due to reckless noises made by various forms of workmen—clumsy railway porters who bang doors that could as easily be shut quietly, careless engine-drivers who overdo their whistling and make their brakes scream, and so forth—to which, indeed, she attributes her poor

health in the past years, that she has determined to devote some of her great wealth to an attempt to abate this nuisance.

"Believing that charity should begin at home, she has set apart a considerable sum as the nucleus of a fund, the interest on which is to be distributed every Christmas by the station-master among the railwaymen of Troydon if, in the opinion of six regular passengers to be selected by him, the improvement in the noise nuisance merits it. Otherwise the money is to be applied to other purposes which she names.

"Since making this will," the article ended, "we regret to hear the lady was taken worse and now lies in a precarious state, so that the provisions of it may too soon be operative."

"That's a bit of all right," said the inspector, and passed the news about for the rest of the day. The result was that the station gradually became a much more civilised place and Mr. Gannaway has lost that worried look.

The lady is still alive. Every effort to find out who she is has failed; but the railway staff believe in her absolutely, which is more than Mr. Gannaway does.

LUCK.

THOU that hast baffled many an earnest thinker,
 Strange Power, whose wayward fancies none may
 guess,
 That canst o'errule the great, or idly tinker
 With trifling men in equal freakishness,
 Thou that dost one hour ban, another bless,
 More dour than thunder, brighter than the sun,
 O Luck, O sovereign Luck, thee to address
 Has long been my desire, mysterious one,
 And now, I think, I see my way to get it done.

I am not of the narrow heirs of Science
 Who, with a high contempt that nothing awes,
 Deny thee flatly, in serene defiance
 Of aught that reigns beyond her formal laws;
 Who, when they profit for no seeming cause,
 Ascribe it to their own deserts and skill,
 Yet, when some looked-for gift eludes their jaws,
 Turning, they mourn their luck with right good will,
 Nor bless thee for the good, but damn thee for the ill.

And there be some who, finding thee capricious
 Beyond all hope, assume a cold neglect
 Of thy dark forces which, if thou wert vicious,
 Would rouse thee probably to some effect.
 I join them not; nor yet that wider sect
 Who, viewing thee in undisguised alarm,
 Offer their worship with an awed respect,
 With strict observance due and solemn charm
 Which, if it does no good, they hope will do no harm.

These in their little lives are ever flustered
 By signs and portents sombre as the tomb;
 They find them in a magpie or the mustard;
 Upon their path a ladder casts a gloom
 As of a cypress; some there are for whom
 The dawn of Friday has an evil eye,
 And Thirteen is a number great with doom;
 There is no rite too strange for these to ply,
 And they might save their time for all they get thereby.

For I, that long have sought thee in thy doings,
 Have noticed how the wildest votary came,
 For all the pious ardour of his wooings,
 Out in the end to pretty much the same
 As he that paid no honour to thy name.
 Here thou wouldst frown, and haply there wouldst smile,
 And one would lose, or win, his little game,
 Till I, that searched thee out, for quite a while
 Had well-nigh giv'n thee up, thou wast so volatile.

Yet there is this wherein I judge thee surely.
 For thou art female; by these very traits
 Female, and therefore one may swear securely
 Ripe to be wooed, if one could only raise
 The proper system. I for many days
 Have pondered on this matter, and I ween
 That thou art tired of too obsequious ways,
 And seekest, even as seeks a weary queen,
 Simply by way of change, a decent 'twix and 'tween.

Wherefore I step me forth to woo thy favour.
 Withholding not thy fair and rightful due,
 I do not with crude flatteries beslave
 Thy sick and female soul, as others do.
 The rites that I enjoin are strict but few—
 Enough to win thy notice, not to pall:
 I turn my coppers when the moon is new;
 No peacock plumes affront my sober hall
 With their malignant eyes: and that, I think, is all.

Thus, then, O Luck, to-day I lay before thee
 An opportunity thou long hast lacked
 To pour thy horn on one that does not bore thee
 Or hold thee light, and is, in point of fact,
 A worthy object for some graceful act.
 I would not specify the royal boon,
 But leave it to thy dormant sense of tact;
 Fame, Love, and Money make a good Triune;
 These would suffice at first; and kindly send them soon.
 DUM-DUM.

A FREE EXCHANGE OF VIEW.

I OUGHT to say at the start that Robinson and I are not the leaders of our respective political parties, but we share with them some of the foibles of our common humanity.

"Haden't we better sit down and talk this matter over together, and try to come to some agreement?" said Robinson, as he got up and put on his overcoat.

"The sooner the better, the sooner the better," said I, and left the room very hurriedly.

I saw him again next day, for our trams met on the Embankment. I was pleased to notice that he had not forgotten his conciliatory proposal, for just as we passed each other he leaned over the top and called out, "When shall we meet?"—but unfortunately he was out of ear-shot while I was still trying to find the place in my diary.

It was Saturday afternoon before I came across him again. I was playing to the 13th hole, and as he was bunkered at the 9th I cannot have been more than 50 yards away. "What about that talk?" I shouted. I saw the sand fly vigorously and his mouth move, but I am a purist in these matters and do not consider an expletive as good as an appointment.

Later in the evening he passed my house in a motor. I was not there, but the lodgekeeper told me that he had not exactly stopped, but "had slowed up like, and thrown out his card." The card had "Better come and see me" pencilled in one corner, and "Mind the dog" in another.

So I got out my monoplane on Sunday and flew across his grounds. I lipped the lip four times in succession, and at the conclusion of a long fanciful flight, in which I put myself and the whole situation repeatedly upside down, I dropped an explosive on his dog-kennel from a distance of 1,000 feet. I did not alight, for Robinson was not visible, and he would, of course, quickly understand that I had as good as called.

That is how the position stands at the moment, but it is something to know that we are alike in our desire to meet, and when we do I am sure we shall arrange something, for we are sensible men.

There is to be a dinner in Southport to some of the local boatmen and fishermen. Says *The Southport Visitor*:—

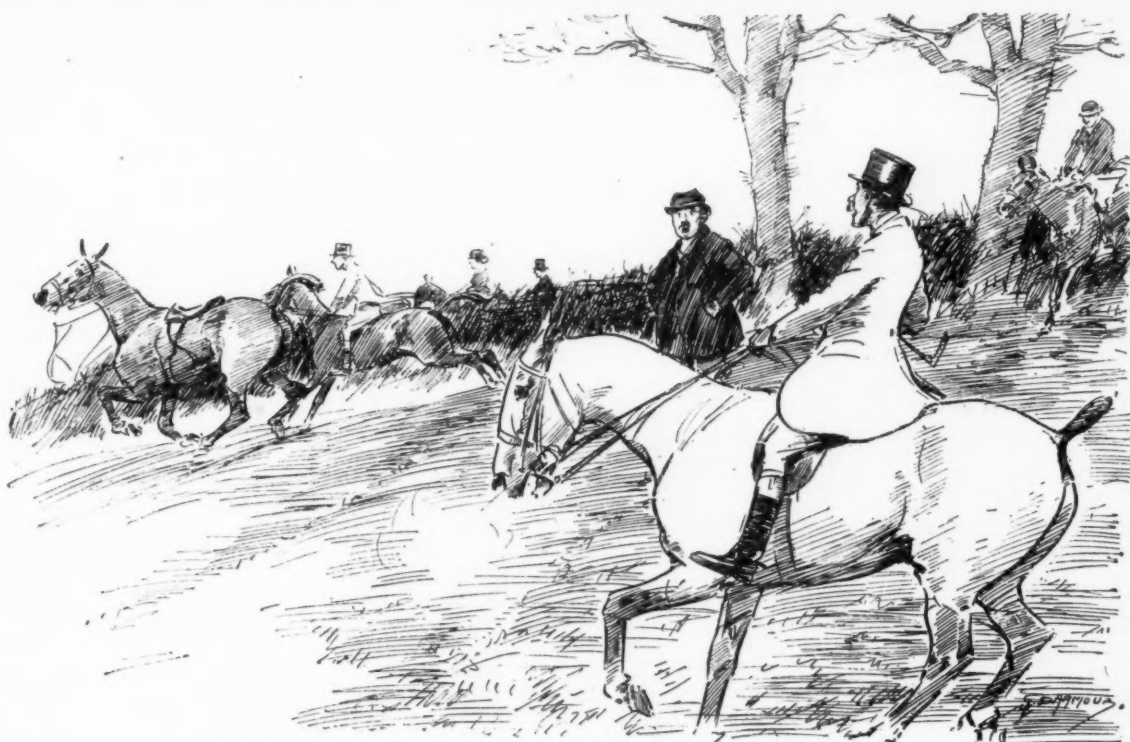
"The dinner will be succeeded by a social. The Mayor hopes to attend some portion of the proceedings. At the close of the gathering, Mr. Jno. Barrington has generously volunteered to convey the men to their homes."

We hope that in many cases his services will not be wanted.

Remorse.

"Confused by the noise of traffic a cow that probably was experiencing its first taste of city life, got mixed up with vehicles at Woodward and Milwaukee avenues yesterday and was struck by a street car. It was so badly injured that Patrolman Stegmiller ended his life with a bullet."—*Detroit News*.

Patrolman STEGMILLER's friends should have assured him that it wasn't his fault, and exhorted him to bear up.



Sportsman (to enthusiastic motorist whom he has mounted). "HELLO! WHAT'S WRONG?"

Friend. "COULDN'T THROTTLE HER DOWN; STEERING GEAR WOULDN'T WORK; MISSED ONE OF THE PEDALS, AND THEN I FELL OUT!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

STARTING in to read *When William Came* (LANE) I supposed, from the title, that I was about to learn of the birth of a baby-boy, and to study the immediate effect of this domestic apparition upon a small family circle. I forgot in my haste that there is only one *William*, and he a very much alive Kaiser, so that I was more than a little astonished when I realized the identity of the comer and the national significance of his coming. Whatever views the reader may hold about the possible advent of the Germans he would be well advised to study a most graphic though humiliating picture of what life in these islands would be like if they did come to stay. He may remember, as I do, having read other essays on this theme; but usually the novelist has, out of the kindness of his heart, imported so much exaggeration and improbability as to leave one comfortable in the thought that the tale is only told for one's diversion, and that nobody for a moment believes that the thing can ever really happen. "SAKE," that is Mr. H. H. MUXRO, does not so temper the wind to the shorn lamb. Ruthlessly, almost I might say callously, he develops to its logical conclusion and with the most probable circumstances an alleged (and I for my part say accurately alleged) tendency in Englishmen of all classes to-day to selfish indifference; showing how our downfall as a ruling nation, should it occur, would be more justly ascribed to this national vice than to the political and industrial agitator, whom he regards as an effect and not a cause of our present (and I hope momentary) decline. Mr. MUXRO is, in my opinion, to be heartily congratulated as a novelist for

making a very good tale of it; he is even more warmly to be praised as an Englishman for his individual effort to stop the rot by impressing upon us the proper and probable destiny of any nation that cannot face the expense and fatigue of arming for war—namely, degradation to the rank of a province peaceful but over-taxed, non-militant but menial.

To Mr. JAMES STEPHENS anything is possible and nothing is fore-ordained. In his new book, *Here are Ladies* (MACMILLAN), he plays with the absurdly settled convictions of men and women, showing them to be worth nothing at all; he is away before you can catch him, and is back again at one's elbow with some new story about Paradise or Hades, or some fresh humour at the expense of his fellow-mortals. Although I consider "The Halfpenny Bit" one of the best stories that he has ever written I do not think that, on the whole, *Here are Ladies* is so satisfying as *The Crock of Gold* or *The Charwoman's Daughter*. The old man who holds the stage for the last portion of these pages I found frankly tiresome, and I dislike his implication that anything that he may happen to say is good enough for me, or, at any rate, for Mr. STEPHENS. One thing, however, is certain. We have not had for a very long time a poet who is so acutely aware both of the glories of heaven and the ugly oddities of the side-streets in Dublin as the author of *Here are Ladies*. Policemen and landladies, middle-aged women and very foolish young men are as clear and as interesting to him as leprechauns and the angel Gabriel. And many people, after reading this book, will question apprehensively the solidity of their furniture and the shape and colour of their own familiar street.

In days when we hear almost too much both in fact and fiction about the dreamy idealism of dwellers in the sister isle it is refreshing, if rather surprising, to come across the old Irishman whom THACKERAY with his crude Victorian pen held up to Saxon scorn. Fearlessly anachronistic, Mr. TOM GALLON has not only made the principal figure in *Young Eee and Old Adam* (LONG) a handsome soft-spoken and utterly good-for-nothing Irish officer, but, planting him in the present year of grace, has even dared to name him *Barry Raggett*. Almost the least of this adventurer's sins (perhaps, on the whole, it may be called his redeeming virtue) was his early desertion of his wife. After her death and that of an aunt, who subsequently had charge of their daughter *Molly*, the girl comes to live with her dear papa and overlook, if not actively abet, his life of card-sharpping and spoof. She draws the line when he attempts to sell her to one of the pigeons he is plucking, but when afterwards in a fit of passion he murders the unfortunate young man she relents sufficiently to back in open court his plea of the unwritten law. So there is plenty of excitement, you see, in Mr. TOM GALLON's book, and as it is racy and goes with a rare good swing it keeps the reader in a state of excitement that renders probability a matter of no great concern. Only at the title I cavil a little. Whatever may be said about *Molly's* name, it surely is an insult to our first father to compare him with *Captain Barry Raggett*, whose part in the drama of Eden is that of the parent of lies, and, in his gushing enthusiastic Irish way, he overlooks it a lot.

When I begin a new volume of detective stories, I am still hopeful that the author will lighten the lump by giving one tale in which the hero will be fairly and squarely baffled, and that the character whom I am expected to regard as an ass will not be a super-ass. And now in *November Joe* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), Mr. HESKETH PRICHARD has fulfilled one of my hopes by being quite kind to his butt. Indeed, Mr. *Quaritch* has been given both brains and money, and has even been allowed to tell the stories. Butts, I fancy, are looking up in this class of literature. "*November Joe*," the publishers tell me, "is the one really original detective in recent fiction . . . The scene of his exploits is not the crowded haunts of civilization, but the vast forests of Canada." The latter statement may be accepted as correct, but the former betrays a note of pardonable prejudice, for, although the tales of this detective of the woods gain freshness from their setting, they are in essence not extraordinarily original. Where Mr. PRICHARD has really scored a big point is in making his tracker a most magnetic personality, so magnetic in fact that my mischievous desire to see him beaten gradually vanished. In the last story a charming heiress falls in love with *Joe*, and we are left doubtful whether she is not—in a future book—going to be his wife. But if that is to happen

I trust that she will deign to become a woodwoman, for I really cannot bear to think of *Joe* in a tail-coat and spats.

How often one has heard it said, "What a pity doctors can't tell all the stories that they must know!" Well, after reading *The Indiscretions of Dr. Carstairs* (HEINEMANN), all I have to reply to this is, "Thank goodness they can't!" It is not so much that I object to the indiscretion of the fourteen tales that make up this volume; it is their medical atmosphere that puts me off. The author, who elects to be known as "A. DE O.," can certainly claim to have brought the scent of the drug store and the operating theatre into the pages of his book more pungently than in any other I know. The result therefore can hardly fail to be a little depressing. I was the more sad that *Dr. Carstairs* should have left these unpleasant and not specially remarkable

anecdotes to his literary executor, because the sketch of the doctor himself, as given in the opening chapter (by a long way the best in the book), is such as to prepare me for worthier things. So it was disappointing to find him indulging in the kind of plots suitable to our less expensive magazines, about disguised princesses and the like. Of a different type is one of the stories, called cheerfully "*Death in a Chelsea Lodging*." There is pathos and considerable unforced power in the telling of this. But by so much the more do I protest against it as a record of disease and pain. In real life the effect of such an experience might well be cleansing and good; but in fiction—. After perusing the symptoms of *Alec Majoribanks* I declare I was tempted to turn for relief to those columns of the popular press that are devoted to the advertisements of proprietary remedies. The same details

are there, but there is the pleasing difference that the characters always recover. I hope the next indiscretions that "A. DE O." may be tempted to communicate will occur in some more agreeable atmosphere.

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage,

sang Lovelace in his cavalier fashion, which reminds me of his concluding lines, since applied by a South African to doubtful Cape claret:

Minds innocent and quiet take
That for : : ; snn, h ; gy 4 3 s1mspn-e."

Johannesburg Illustrated Star.

It must have been very doubtful claret.

"Messrs. — and Son, who have a business as coal factors, lightermen, etc., in which nearly £3,000,000 is employed, have decided—the approval of the shareholders being given on Thursday—to start a scheme giving the employers an interest in the welfare of the Company."—*Birkenhead News*.

At present their interest is morbidly rooted in the welfare of the employees.



A CHAMPION BY-LAW BREAKER.

STUDY OF A MAN WHO DISREGARDS ALL THREE RULES AT ONCE.